

## Attack of the Beer Cans

by Enigma 0

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Summary: What's REALLY happening in Misato's fridge!

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Short, silly and written at 11 o'clock at night. Need you ask?

Oh and I don't own Evangelion. Need you ask. Again?

Well, when you have finished reading this you probably will need to  
.

Just don't ask me coz I don't know either.

"OK troops, tonight's the night." General Beer can announced.

"Why tonight Sir." asked a young can in the third row.

"Because it's Friday. The biggest drinking day of the week. Closely followed by Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. Tonight we attack"

"All right." "At last." "Can't wait." "I'm cold." "It's OK, you're best served chilled."

"Now does every one understand the plan."

"There's a plan?" "What plan?" "No one told me about a plan!"

"Troops it's simple. When she takes us out of the fridge. We off load our cargo of chilled alcoholic goodness down her throat and wait for her to pass out. Once that is done we attack the two kids. They're just light weights and should be out cold after one or two have nobly sacrificed your selves to the cause. Once thats done we.....Well, you know the rest."

"No"

"We take over the apartment of course! Did any of you actually graduate from Yebis Academy for alcoholic beverages?"

"Er." "Well." "Um."

"\*\*What\*\*,here we are facing the greatest enemy of all beer kind, the terrifying 'She What Drinks Too Much' and you're all a bunch of numb skulls!"

"Thats about it sir."

"Why me. Well it's too late now. This enemy must be destroyed!"

"Can't we just get her pissed sir?"

"Why you insolent little...little...\_little alcohol free soft drink!\_ Your mother was Vodka!"

"\*\*Waaahhh\*\*"

"Shut up I can hear Some one coming."

"Oh, I'm out. Shinji would you get be another before you go to bed please?"

"Sure Misato."

"Oh, aren't you just the little house trained pup!"

"Asuka go to bed, same goes for you Shinji. It's late...Where's that beer?"

"Here you go Misato. Good night."

"Fight bravely men, here we go! Remember to stack your selves up in a pile so we can fall on her in the night."

"This is it." "Were going over the top!" "Ready, CHARGE!"

"Ah, \*hic\* , Nothing like a nice beer before bed. In fact I think I'll have another."

"Come on troops....We must...Defeat her."

"I can't sir, I'm out of ammunition."

"What! You must have a drop left in reserve. \_Nobody\_ can get the last drop in a \_can!!\_"

"It's no good sir. She's drunk...me...dry....."

"No. This is impossible! Come on, we can do it!"

"It's no good Sir. I've lost my ring pull, I can't go on."

"Yes you can. If we just pull our selves together. Come on you, get out of that bin."

"I'm sorry sir. It's too late for me. I'm too badly dented. Go on with out me."

"This isn't right. What's happening?"

"Sir! Help! We're being recycled!"

"Hasn't any one got any alcohol left?"

"She just takes everything we pour at her and keeps on drinking!"

"Ah. Beer always tastes better when there's no work tomorrow. Hm, any more. what? Just one. Ah well."

"Arg, \*glug\*, No, \*glug\*, this is all wrong, \*glug\*, I'm a general, \*glug\*, I can't, \*glug\*, be, \*glug\*, drunken!, \*glug\*, \*glug\*, \*glug\*."

"Ah, \*urp\*, much better."

End  
file.